

HARVEST HOME.

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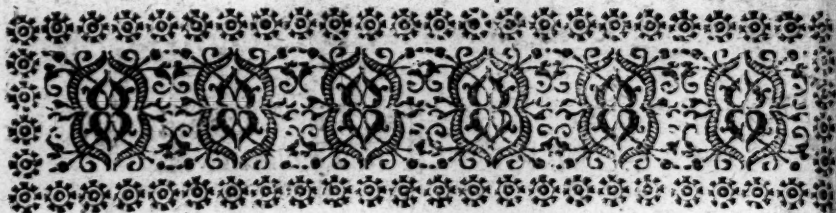
Containing seven New Play-house SONGS, viz.

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|------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Harvest home. | 5. The Languishing Lover |
| 2. If Love's a sweet passion | 6. The Answer. |
| 3. A Burlesque on the same. | 7. Old English Beer. |
| 4. Nanny O. | |

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Sold by S. RUDDER, at Cirencester.



HARVEST HOME.

SONG I.

Come Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell
 Each lad with his lass hither come,
 With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing
 To celebrate harvest home:

'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
 To celebrate harvest home.

Our labour is o'er, our barns in full store,
 Now swell with rich gifts of the land;
 Let each man then take, for his prong and his
 His cann and his lass in his hand: (rakes)
 For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be, so happy as we,
 In innocence, pastime, and mirth;
 While thus we carouse, with our sweet-herts, o
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth: (spouse)
 When Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
 To celebrate harvest home. SONG

S O N G 2.

IF Love's a sweet passion, why does it torment
If bitter, Oh! tell me, whence comes my
Content?

Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I com-
plain?

Or grieve at my Fate, since I know 'tis in vain,
Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my
Heart.

I grasp her Hand gently, look languishing down,
And, by passionate Silence, I make my Love
known: [prove,

But, Oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does
By some willing mistake to discover her love;

When in striving to hide, she reveals all her
flame [name

And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare
How pleasing is Beauty! how sweet are the
charms! [Arms!

How delightful embraces! how peaceful her
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love,
'Tis taught us on earth and by all things above;
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must
yield, [field.

For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair

[4]

S O N G 3.

A BURLESQUE on the foregoing.

IF wine be a cordial, why does it torment?
If a Poison, Oh! tell me whence comes my
content? [complain,

Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I
Or repent ev'ry morn, when I know 'tis invain?

Yet so charming the Glass is, so deep is the quart,
hmatTat once it both drowns and enlivens my
heart

I take it off briskly, and when it is down,
By my jolly Complexion I make my joy known:
But, Oh! how I'm blest, when so strong it does
prove,

By it's soveraign heat to expel that of love;
When in quenching the old, I create a new flame,
And am wrapt in such pleasures as still want a
name.

S O N G 4.

WHile some for pleasure waste their health,
'Tween play-house and the bagnio;
I'll save myself, and without stealth,

Love and caress my Nanny O:
She bids more fair t'engage a jove,
Than Leda did, or Danae O;
Was I to paint the queen of love,
None else should sit but Nanny O.

Cho.

Cho. My bonny, bonny Nanny O,
My lovely charming Nanny O;
I care not though the world should know,
How dearly I love Nanny O.

How joyful my spirits rise,
When dancing she moves finely O!

What joys I promise from her eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely O!

Venus, attended my vows, while I
Breathe in the blest Britannia;

None's happiness I shall envy,
As long as I have Nanny O.

Cho. My bonny, bonny Nanny O.
My lovely, charming Nanny O;
I care not though the world should know,
How dearly I love Nanny O.

S O N G 5.

DOwn to the woods and shady groves,
There will I mourn for my true love;
Oh she's a lovely maid, she has my heart betray'd,
I fear I never shall see her no more.

Garlands of roses and sweet pretty posies,
Excellent music on my true love's birth-day;
My brains they are fractur'd my senses distracted,
If I could but see her, oh what would I say.

What mortal man would choose but to love her,
That charming creature whom I adore;
Her face is a wonder, her waist is so slender,
She is perfect in beauty all o'er.

Her teeth are white as ivory, her lips as coral
dy'd,

Her eyes they are diamonds and christial so clear;
Her skin is like the lillies that grow in the valleys,
Her breath smells like violets, so charming's my
dear. (small,

Her lilly white hands, her fingers long and
She's of a proper stature, comely withal;

Her limbs are well turn'd, by Jove she's well
But her cruel parents deprived me of all. (fram'd,

Her temper is soft, both kind and good natur'd,
Virtuous and prudent, never ill featur'd,

She never seems to frown, smiles always do a-
bound, (severe,

Though fortune is blind, she's always sharp and

S O N G 6.

The A N S W E R.

DOwn to the woods and murmuring fountains,
Under sweet shades I set myself down,
To see if my love is there, or if his voice I hear,
His grief has caused me greatly to mourn.

Altho' friends and fate have prov'd so cruel,
Now fortune doth smile as it plainly appears,
Their sad constructions caused some fractions,
But now they find it never the near. (talents,

Now waits their balance, and each hath their
And all thin's we find to be reconciled, (true,
The cowslip and violet blue, protest that love is
The woody vocal sounds in concert the while.

S O N G 7.

OF good English Beer our songs let's raise,
 We've a right by our freedom charter ;
 And follow our brave forefather's ways,
 Who liv'd in the days of king Arthur :
 Of those gallant days loud fame has told,
 Beer gave the stout britons spirit ;
 In love they spoke truth, in war they were bold,
 And flourish'd by dint of merit.

Cho. Then like them crown our bowls,
 Our plenteous brown bowls,
 And take them off clever ;
 To all true English Souls,
 And Old England, Old England, for ever.
 Huzza Old England for ever,
 Huzza Old England for ever,
 Old England, Old England,
 Huzza Old England for ever.

The glory in love, or war they won,
 By fighting, retreats, and fallies,
 Was from the production of their own
 Good Beer and rost beff in their bellies ;
 All foreign attempts they did disdain,
 So fir'd with resolution ;
 For liberty they'd bleed ev'ry vein,
 To keep their own constitution,

Cho. Then like them crown our bowls, &c.

Like

Like them let us fill, and drink, and sing,
 To all who our state are aiding ;
 To commerce that our wealth does bring,
 And every branch of our trading :
 By commerce all granduer we sustain,
 That makes us a powerful nation ;
 Then let us agree, and with vigour maintain
 Our trade and our navigation.

Cho. Then like them crown our bowls
 Our plenteous brown bowls,
 And take them off clever ;
 To all true English souls,
 And Old England, Old England, for ever.
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